ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS

MELMOTH

EIGHT

$2.25USA $2.75CANADA £1.25UK

147
JUN

NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

Dear Dave,

Comic book artists, no matter how talented, don't have to be political sophisticates or produce carefully argued pro-feminist work for me to admire and enjoy them—but they don't have to be self-impressed misogynists with an exaggerated idea of their own intellect, either.

Was your effort in climbing up your own wonderful arsehole as deeply satisfying as you hoped? Is it safe in there? It's better than taking risks, I suppose.

I've been a grateful and appreciative recipient of CEREBUS over the years. Now I think I'd rather remember it all as it was, when your humour was sharper and your ego a little less evident. Lord Horror's the only comic I want to see, these days. It revels in its own awfulness, which I find a more palatable attitude.

Adios.

Mike Moorcock

I think this just about sums up what's been going on lately. I've been sending Mr. Moorcock (at *his* request) copies of Cerebus since 1979. If someone as liberal-minded and as intellectually stimulating as Michael Moorcock can write as offensive a postcard as this, I think it is as damning an indictment of feminism as you could hope to find. It is a crank postcard of the sort that Mr. Moorcock and others would (and do) deplore when in receipt of such petty-minded malice.

Look, people. Everyone hates some group. *Every*one. Whether it's skinheads, country and western fans, Republicans, Conservatives or—yes, goddammit—feminists, that hatred exists. It is time for us to realise that laundering the world down to only "approved of" groups is simply unworkable. Likewise pretending that hatred doesn't exist or that it should be wiped out. You can suppress it (and do) you can make expressing a contrary opinion illegal (and have) you can boycott someone's work because of his political opinions (and will) but that is no different from the blacklists of the 1950's.

No matter who you are, you are a member of some group which faces discrimination, stereo-typing, prejudice and categorization. As a white male, I am *supposedly* in the dominant category. The world is my oyster. Well let me tell you that as a self-publisher I am universally despised and great efforts are made to wipe me out of existence. As an artist I am patronized, thought to be a crackpot, an eccentric and an odd-ball. As a cartoonist I am thought to be a lower life form by "serious" artists. As a comic book artist I am thought to be a second or third-string nobody by the gray-haired golfer types of the National Cartoonists Society. As a Canadian I am thought of as "boring" by Americans, "a boring lower class colonial" by the British, a "filthy english-speaking swine" by the Quebecois, an "eastern bastard" by the Western Canadians, an "exploitive grasping North American" by the third world . . .

Say, I better cut this out—I may get to like it.

. . . as a comic book writer I am dismissed out of hand by *anyone* who writes *anything* else no matter how bad; as a Kitchener resident I'm considered a "hick" to anyone from Toronto. I'm a "bum" to anyone who wears suits all the time. Marvel and DC fans consider me an "asshole" as do the creators of *all* avant garde comics (with the notable exception of Chester Brown).

We *all* hate someone. *Lots* of someones.

Smokers, fat people, whiners, talk-show hosts, newscasters, long-hairs, short-hairs, jocks, Jews, Arabs . . .

Why, when someone stands up and says "these are the people I can't stand", do so many of us instantly want to destroy that person? Alan Moore is a feminist. I *know* that. I'm *not*. Does that mean I stop reading Alan's work? Try to destroy Mad Love or run around saying awful things about him that I know aren't true?

Mr. Moorcock, I *am* disappointed. I expected so much more of you. So very, very much more.

****

Re-reading this a week later I have to apologize for devoting this much space to a subject at passe and tedious as feminism. I will only add that I am *not* a misogynist. Calling someone a misogynist for hating feminism is like calling someone an anti-semite for hating Shecky Greene.

I'll try and write about something interesting next time.

Promise.

CEREBUS

NO. 147 JUNE 1991

DAVE SIM
President

GERHARD
Vice-President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

LINDA BERZINS
Typesetting

MELMOTH
a short story

•

(Cerebus 139 to Cerebus 150)

Jnx_Scanz_HaCsA !!!

CEREBUS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AARDVARK-VANAHEIM INC. P.O. BOX 1674 STN. C KITCHENER ONTARIO CANADA N2G 4R2

ALL CONTENTS © 1990 DAVE SIM.

PRINTED IN CANADA BY **PRENEY PRINT & LITHO INC.**, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

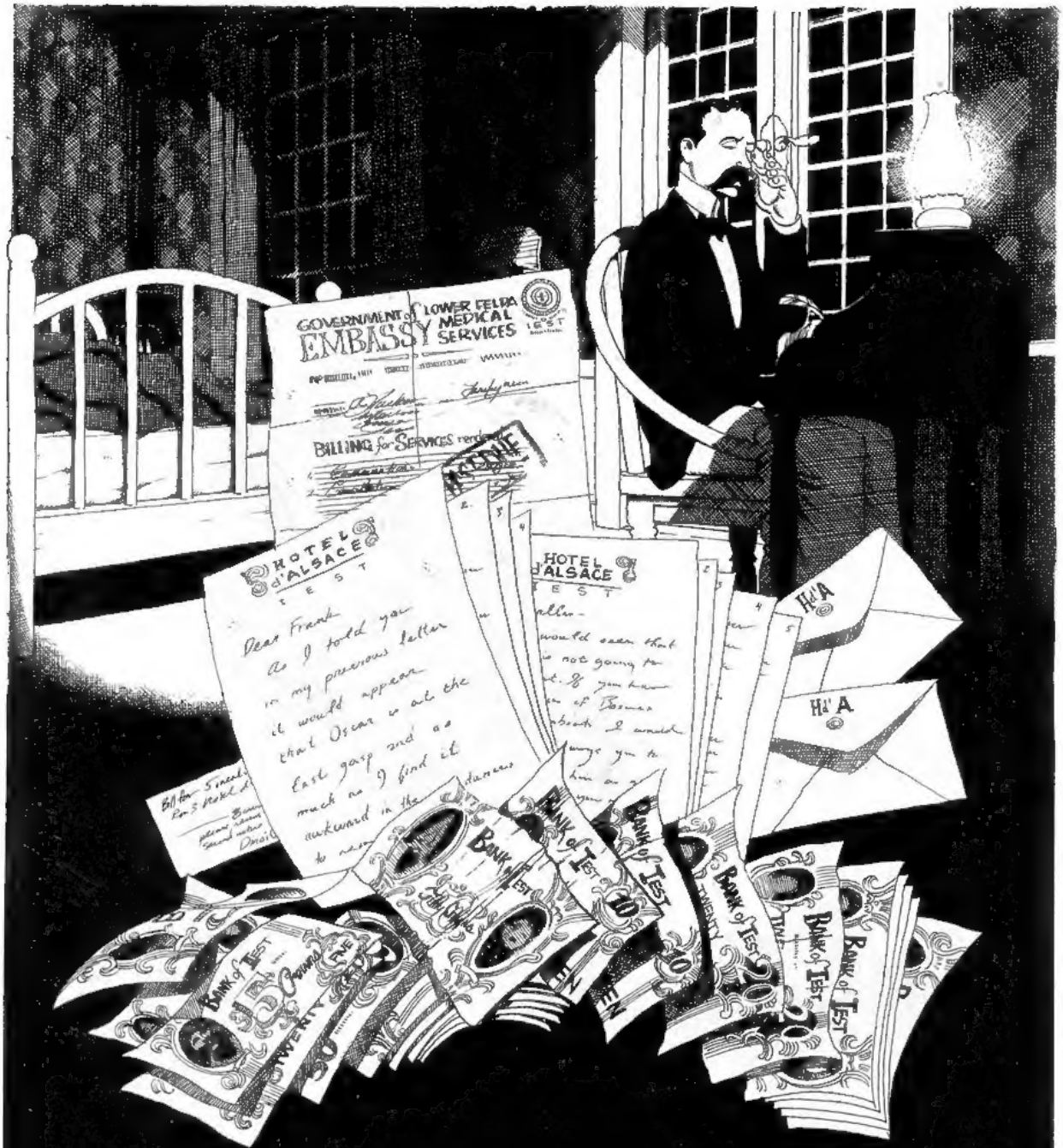
THE MARBLE COLUMNS HAVE ARRIVED, BUT WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR REINFORCED PULLEYS TO HOIST THEM INTO POSITION...
THE SMOKED MIRRORS WE'RE ONE SHORT ON
THEY'RE PROMISING DELIVERY LATE TOMORROW AT THE EARLIEST.

THE CERAMIC TILES ARE IN, BUT THE FOREMAN THINKS WE MIGHT NOT HAVE ENOUGH WHITE ONES ...
THEY CAN'T START LAYING THE FLOOR UNTIL THE PLUMBING INSPECTOR ISSUES A GREEN STICKER...
HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TWO DAYS AGO
THE FOUNTAIN'S FINE.
THE BRASS FITTINGS WERE THE WRONG SIZE...
BUT ONE OF THE ENGINEERS FIGURED OUT HOW TO RE-THREAD THE SOCKETS ...
HE SHOULD BE FINISHED EARLY TOMORROW
AS YOU CAN SEE, THE HOLES HAVE ALREADY BEEN DRILLED FOR THEM ...

THE KEROSENE LAMPS ARE BEING HELD UP AT ISTAN CUSTOMS WHILE THEY DETERMINE THE COUNTRY OF ORIGIN...
THEY WON'T EVEN SPECULATE ON HOW LONG THE PAPER-WORK WILL TAKE-- BUT THEY WON'T BE STARTING ON IT 'TIL NEXT WEEK...
THE HEALTH INSPECTOR WON'T EXAMINE THE KITCHEN UNTIL THE PLUMBING HAS BEEN APPROVED.
AND ALL OF THE SEPRAN WORKERS STARTED THEIR FOUR DAY RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY THIS MORNING...
FLICK
FLICK

SO WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS THAT THE OPENING OF 'DINO'S BISTRO CONTINENTALE' WILL NOT TAKE PLACE THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW AS SCHEDULED.
WHAT I AM TELLING YOU IS THAT THE OPENING OF 'DINO'S BISTRO CONTINENTALE' WILL NOT TAKE PLACE THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW AS SCHEDULED. YES.
DID I MENTION THAT MONEY IS NO OBJECT?
SEVERAL TIMES.

Dear Robbie
I suppose you will understand
from my last letter that if you can
come to Iest, you have no time to lose.
Just now Oscar seems a little
easier.

He talked to you
about his play today,
saying it was worth
fifty centimes.

I need not tell you that I told Tucker I would be responsible for any expenses; but as yet not a word from Frank Harris. I have written to Wallis telling him to inform Bosie of Oscar's condition. Tucker thinks you are his agent and he keeps worrying about the children. I know you will write to whomever is necessary.

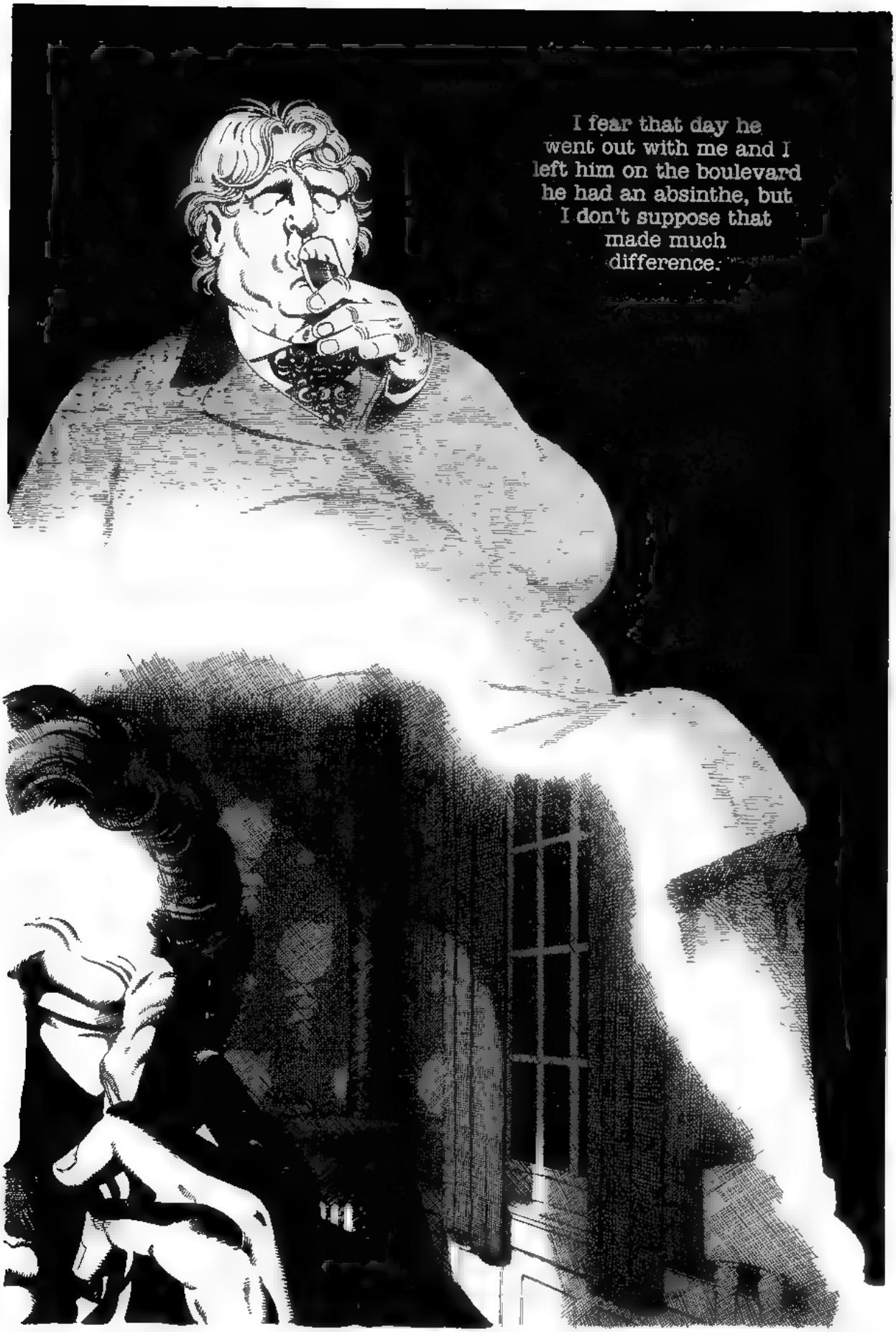
Just now he seems easier, one would say sleeping. If so, I think he has a chance. You see I have had so many surprises with Oscar that I don't want you to arrive here and curse me on finding him better.

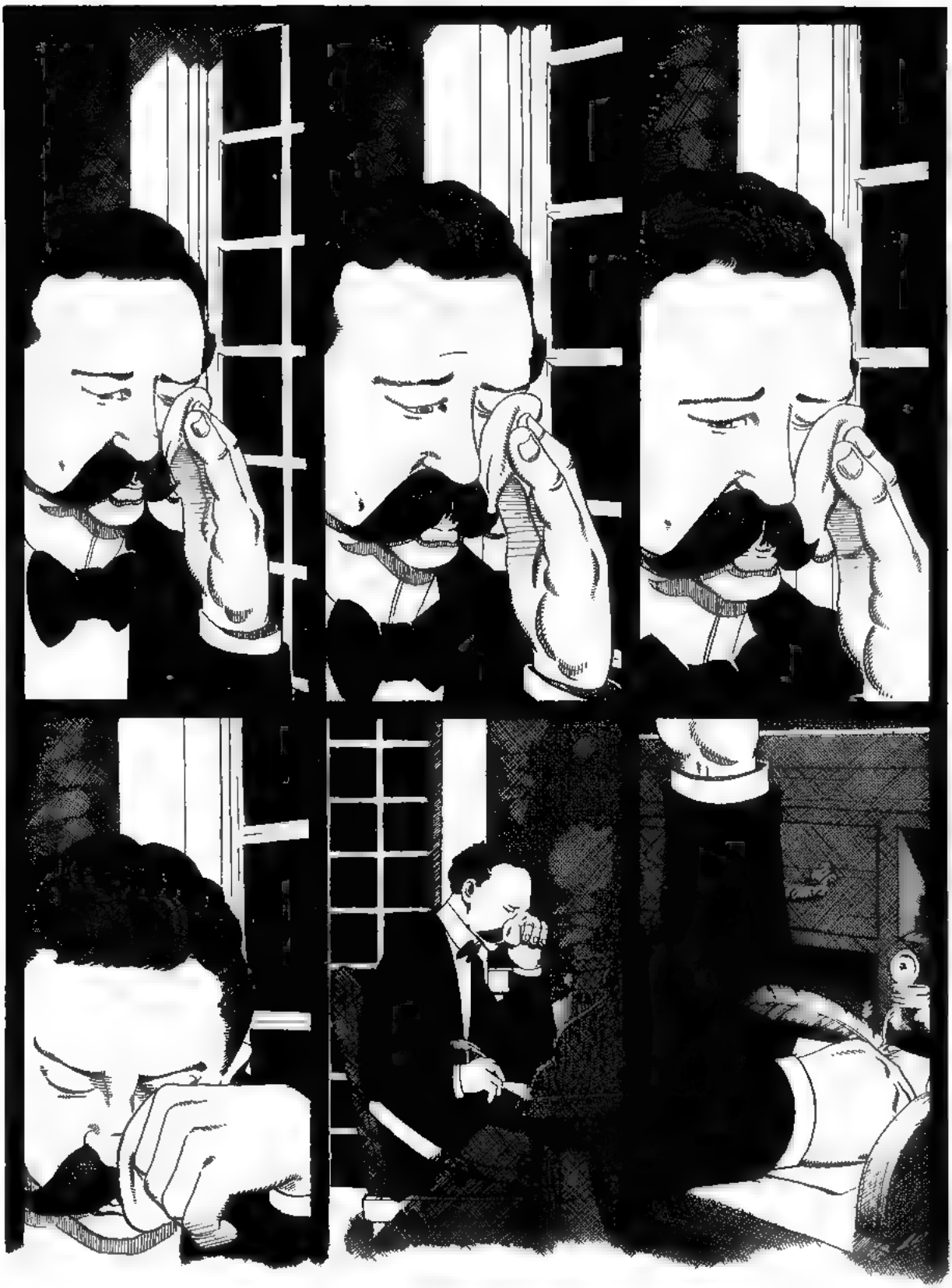
but I suppose he could hardly be worse.

Of course you know how I should like you to be here but I know that is not easy for you. So far as being looked after is concerned you can do no more than is being done and he is too ill to want anyone in particular.

still he might at any moment.

He has not once hinted that he thinks he is in danger, nor did he before the delirium began.
He was only anxious to be out of pain.


I fear that day he went out with me and I left him on the boulevard he had an absinthe, but I don't suppose that made much difference.

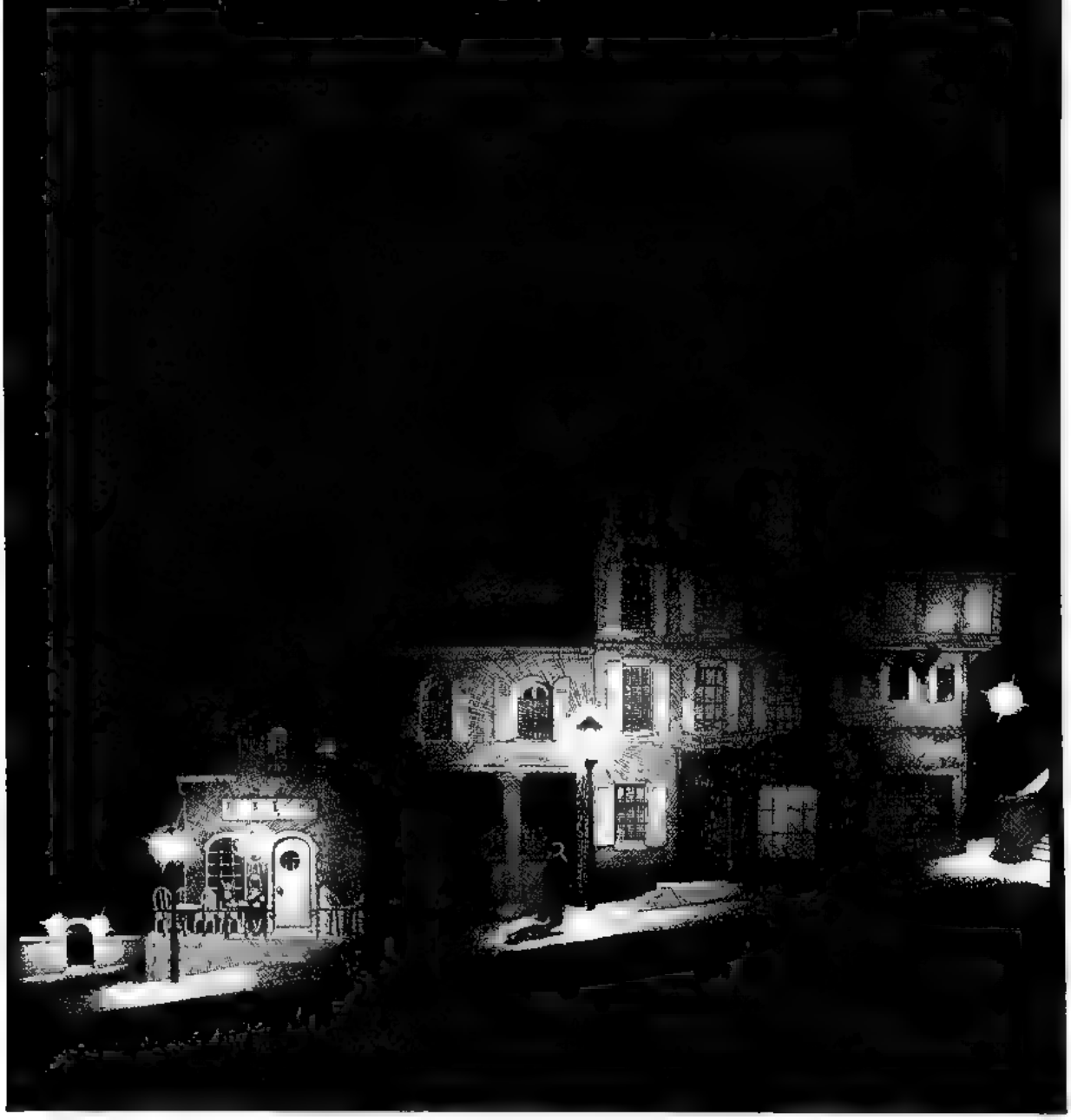


I fear that this is a stupid letter but, really, circumstances excuse that.

Reg

Dr. Tucker has just been. He says it is no good his writing to you as I have done so. Oscar a little better but Tucker cannot say it means anything. We are going to have his hair cut if Oscar will allow it. His temperature keeps very high, but he understands the doctor more or less. You cannot be wrong in coming to Iest. It may be too late, but I hope you may find him better.

Tucker and the specialist made me and the *patron* sign a paper giving an account of the consultation so that his sons may see if they want to at any future time that all possible is being done for him. Tucker again asked for the address of the guardian of his children.



SO, I WALKED RIGHT OUT OF THE PARTY
AND HE RAN AFTER ME?
AND HE GRABBED MY ARM?
AND HE TURNS ME AROUND AND HE SAYS
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?'
FLIP
SO I SAID TO HIM.
'YOU'RE THE ONE GIVING THAT LITTLE RED-HAIRED SLUT ANOTHER GLASS OF PUNCH'
'AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?'
I MEAN
=HUH!=
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?'

I DON'T THINK I EVEN LIKED HIM THAT MUCH?
I MEAN, I REALLY DID AT FIRST?
BUT THEN?
FLIP
THEN I HAD TO REMEMBER HOW IT WAS AT FIRST?
SO I COULD KEEP LIKING HIM?

AND AFTER A WHILE I WAS JUST REMEMBERING REMEMBERING LIKING HIM...?
BUT...
BUT EVEN AT THE END? WHEN HE GOT ENGAGED TO THE LITTLE RED-HAIRED SLUT?
AND I KNEW I'D NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN? EVER?
I'D REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME HE WALKED ME HOME?
AND I KNEW HE WANTED TO KISS ME?
BUT HE DIDN'T KISS ME?

AND AS HE WAS WALKING AWAY, HE TURNED AROUND
...
AND HE
HE SMILED?
EVEN NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS REMEMBER HIM LIKE THAT?
...
AND I LOVE HIM ALL OVER AGAIN.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

AVE.
FLIP